THE

Poetical Miſcellany;

CONSISTING OF

SELECT PIECES

From the Works of the following Poets,
viz.

MILTON,
DRYDEN,
POPE,
ADDISON,
GAY,
PARNELL,
YOUNG,
THOMSON,
AKENSIDE,
PHILIPS,
GRAY,
WHARTON,
SHAKESPEARE,
GOLDSMITH,
WILKIE,
&c. &c.

For the Uſe of SCHOOLS.

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15 JUN 61

THE PREFACE.

NOTHING, ſurely, can be more abſurd or ridiculous, than the common Practice of making ſuch young Gentlemen as are not deſigned for any of the learned Profeſſions, drudge for ſeven or eight Years in order to acquire a ſmattering in two dead Languages. Part of the Time which is thus waſted, might, certainly, be profitably employed in making them acquainted with ſome of our beſt Engliſh Poets. The Collection which is here offered to the Public was made with this View. Such Maſters as think proper to make Uſe of it, may, in the Editor's Opinion, make it ſubſervient to ſeveral important Purpoſes in Education. They will have an Opportunity of pointing out to their Pupils the peculiar and diſtinguiſhing Beauties of ſome of the moſt emi-

nent of our Poets, of making them acquainted with the Force and Beauty of their Language, and of impreſſing upon their Minds many noble Sentiments upon ſome of the nobleſt and moſt important Subjects.

YOUNG Perſons are, in general, fond of Poetry; and when the Language of the Poet is eaſy and familiar to them, they readily enter into his Sentiments. This Fondneſs the judicious Maſter will not fail to cheriſh, and he may make it turn greatly to the Advantage of his Pupil.

THE Editor thinks it unneceſſary to make any Apology for a Work of this kind, being perſuaded that every ſenſible and unprejudiced Parent will be better pleaſed to hear his Son repeat fifty Lines of *Milton*, *Pope*, *Young*, or *Thomſon*, than five hundred of *Ovid* or *Virgil*.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 61 JUN

THE

CONTENTS.

ODE on the Glories of the Heavens Page 1
David's Paſtoral Hymn on Providence 2
Hymn on Gratitude 3
Of the Nature and State of Man, with reſpect to the Univerſe 6
Hope implanted in the human Breaſt, as an earneſt of future Bliſs 8
The Unreaſonableneſs of Man's Complaints againſt Providence 9
The Works of God, One entire Whole, *where all the Parts have a neceſſary Dependance on, and Relation to, each other* 11
The Omnipreſence of God, and Submiſſion to his Providence 13
The Origin, Uſe, and End of the Paſſions 14
The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society 22
Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of Arts 24
Happineſs to be found in Virtue alone 25
Men to be known only by their Ruling Paſſion 27
Advice to the Fair Sex, for their true Intereſt 29
The Paſſion of the Groves 30

The

CONTENTS.

The Influence of Spring on Man Page 35
The Joys of virtuous Love 36
Deſcription of the Dawn, and Sun-riſing 39
The impious Preſumption of taxing creative Wiſdom 41
A Cataract 42
A Storm of Thunder and Lightning 43
A Panegyric on Great Britain 45
The Bleſſings of Induſtry 52
A Harveſt Storm 56
The Barbarity of Shooting and Hunting 58
A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting, with Advice to the Fair Sex 60
A Panegyric on a Philoſophical Country Life 65
A Man periſhing in the Snow, with Reflections on the Miſeries of human Life 70
A Winter-Evening deſcribed, as ſpent by the Country People, and in the City 73
Moral Reflections on a future State 74
The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of every Quality pleaſing to the Imagination, &c. 76
The different Degrees of Beauty in different Species of Objects, &c. 80
The Oeconomy of Providence 84
The Origin of Vice 86
The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cauſe of the Senſe of it 88
The benevolent Order of the World, illuſtrated in the arbitrary Connection of Pleaſure with the Object which excites it 92

The

CONTENTS.

The Advantages reſulting from a well-form'd Imagination Page 94
Man's Diſobedience—Loſs of Paradiſe—Satan driven out of Heaven 97
Satan lying on the burning Lake 98
Pandemonium 100
Satan's Speech to the Sun 101
Eve gives an Account of herſelf upon her firſt Creation 104
Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker 106
The Meſſiah ſurrounded with an Hoſt of Angels, goes forth in the Power of his Father, to perform the Work of Creation 108
The Meſſiah returns to Heaven, and takes a Survey of his Work 109
Adam gives an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation 110
Adam deſcribes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude 112
Adam's Joy and Gratitude upon the Diſcovery of a Creature reſembling the Apparition preſented to him in his Dream 115
Satan's Soliloquy after traverſing the Globe, and examining the Nature of every Creature 117
Eve addreſſes herſelf to Adam for Pardon—their Reconciliation, &c. 120
Our firſt Parents offer up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared

peared to them, when he pronounced their Sentence Page 122
Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of Paradise 123
Adam's Speech to Michael, &c. ibid.
Our Saviour's Reply to Satan, when tempted by him in the Wilderness 125
Description of a horrid Night, which Satan is feigned to have conjured up in the Wilderness 127
False Greatness 129
True Monarchy 130
True Riches 132
The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton 135
A Hymn to Contentment 140
A Night-piece on Death 142
The Hermit 146
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English Stile 154
Health; an Eclogue 162
Reflections on Time, Eternity, the last Day, &c. 165
The Young Lady and the Looking Glass. A Fable 175
The Boy and the Rainbow. A Fable 178
The Rake and the Hermit. A Fable 181
The Miser and Plutus. A Fable 186
The Monkey who had seen the World. A Fable 188
The sick Man and the Angel. A Fable 190
The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud. A Fable 192
The Father and Jupiter. A Fable 193
The Hare and many Friends. A Fable 195
The Squire and his Cur. A Fable 197
The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly. A Fable 204

The

CONTENTS.

The Village Preacher Page 209
A Ballad 211
Colin and Lucy 218
Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Col. Charles Roſs, *in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May,* 1745 221
The Mouſe's Petition. Found in the Trap where he had been confined all Night 223
The Parting of Hector *and* Andromache 226
Elegy to a young Nobleman, leaving the Univerſity 231
The World compared to a Stage 233
The Power of Imagination 235
The Vanity of Human Nature 236
Concealed Love ibid.
Real Grief 237
A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel ibid.
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death 238
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul 239
A Contemplation on Night 240
A Thought on Eternity 242
Alexander's Feaſt; or, The Power of Muſic; an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day 244
Ode for Muſic on St. Cecilia's Day 251
The Character of a good Parſon, imitated from Chaucer 256
On Sheep-ſhearing—Song on that Occaſion, &c. 261
Recommendation of Mercifulneſs to Animals 267
Few Dyes the natural Product of England—the Advantages and Neceſſity of Trade, &c. 268

CONTENTS.

Recommendation of Labour Page 270
Country Workhouſes propoſed — a Deſcription of one — good Effects of Induſtry exemplified, &c. 272
Reflections on the Slave-Trade 276
Grongar Hill 277
Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon 282
Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College 292
Hymn to Adverſity 295
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold-fiſhes 297
A Pipe of Tobacco: In Imitation of ſix ſeveral Authors 299
The Enthuſiaſt, or the Lover of Nature 306
An Ode on Fancy 315
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King GEORGE I. 320
Character of Atticus 323
An Addreſs to the Deity 324
Another Addreſs to the Deity ibid.
A Hymn 325
Meſſiah, a Sacred Eclogue 329

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 61 JUN

THE

THE

Poetical Miſcellany.

ODE on the Glories of the Heavens.

ADDISON.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:

Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark, terreſtrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

David's *Paſtoral HYMN on Providence.*

ADDISON.

I.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountains pant;

To

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 61 JUN

To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN on Gratitude. ADDISON.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe:

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII. When

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrow ſunk
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

Of the Nature and State of MAN, *with reſpect to the Univerſe.* POPE.

SAY firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou can'ſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,

Where

Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains:
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not, Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there;
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

Hope implanted in the human Breaſt, as an Earneſt of future Bliſs. POPE.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.

Hope

Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt.
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

The Unreaſonableneſs of Man's Complaints againſt Providence. POPE.

WHAT would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The bliſs of Man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

The Works of God, One entire Whole, *where all the Parts have a neceſſary Dependence on, and Relation to, each other.* POPE.

FAR as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier!
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior powers
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Juſt

Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

The Omnipreſence of God, and Submiſſion to his Providence. POPE.

ALL are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.——In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:

Safe

Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

The Origin, Uſe, and End of the Paſſions.

POPE.

TWO Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all good; to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.

Sedate

Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.

Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r;
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;

Paſſions,

Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome virtue's name.
In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.

All

All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong, or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.

We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak Paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Power the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſion ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What

What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?

Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.

Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſeveral goal;
But HEAVEN's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear

Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy, that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:

See ſome fit Paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill as that before,
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain,
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD is WISE.

The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society.

POPE.

LOOK round our world; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.

See

See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of Heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.

Thine

Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of Arts. POPE.

SEE him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go, from the creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
"Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
"There towns aereal on the waving tree.
"Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
"The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees;

" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too
" ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Happineſs to be found in Virtue alone. POPE.

KNOW then this truth (enough for Man to know)
" Virtue alone is Happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:

The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;—
Learns from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)

Wiſe

Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Men to be known only by their Ruling Paſſion.

POPE.

SEARCH then the RULING PASSION: There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;

The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and WHARTON ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe Ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.

Aſk

Aſk you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule;
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.

Advice to the Fair Sex, for their true Intereſt.
POPE.

AH! Friend! to dazzle let the vain deſign;
To raiſe the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.
Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

The Paſſion of the Groves. THOMSON.

AS riſing from the vegetable world,
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all their gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Paſſion of the Groves.*

WHEN firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng

Superior

Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſh'ning ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,

And ſhiver every feather with deſire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd;
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble off-ſpring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks, a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,

Clean,

Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites and give them all.
NOR toil alone they ſcorn; exalting love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,

And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.

BE not the muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns

Robb'd,

Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night; and on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at ev'ry dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

The Influence of Spring on Man. THOMSON.

STILL, let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When Heav'n and Earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid Sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;

Like ſilent-working HEAVEN, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race!—In theſe green days,
Reviving ſickneſs lifts her languid head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure Serenity apace
Induces thought, and Contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent DEITY, and taſte
The joy of GOD to ſee a happy world!

The Joys of virtuous Love. THOMSON.

BUT happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,

Perfect

Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Mean-time a ſmiling off-ſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
The infant reaſon grows apace, and calls

For

For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy; ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

Deſcription of the Dawn, and Sun-riſing.

THOMSON.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er ether ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the duſk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward; while along the foreſt glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy

The

The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life?
Total extinction of th' enlightened ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wildered and toſſing thro' diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain,
Longer than Nature craves, when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly-devious morning walk?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

The impious Preſumption of taxing creative Wiſdom. THOMSON.

LET no preſuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things?
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

A CATARACT. THOMSON.

THUS up the mount, in airy viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift ſhrinking back,
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene.
SMOOTH to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe;
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

A Storm of Thunder and Lightning.

THOMSON.

BEHOLD ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove,
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat Bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone to the loweſt vale, the aërial tribes
Deſcend: The tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by Man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.

'Tis

'Tis liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldring pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs groupe the blaſted cattle lie.
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,

The

The venerable tower, and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid *Carnarvon*'s mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and *Snowdon*'s peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far ſeen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thulé* bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.

A Panegyric on Great Britain. THOMSON.

HEAVENS! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays!
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
Inſpiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt cotts,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
RICH is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the ſummer's drought;

Unmatch'd

Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurry'd ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy gen'rous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet like the muſtering thunder when provok'd,

The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the ſplendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace when govern'd well,
Combine! whoſe hallow'd name the virtues ſaint,
And *his own* Muſes love; the beſt of *Kings!*
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS ſhine,
Names dear to fame, the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In *Stateſmen* thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady MORE,
Who, with a generous, tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's vengeful rage,
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES juſt,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high; but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the ſcourge of *Spain!* whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.

Then,

Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant SIDNEY paſs,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A HAMPDEN too is thine, illuſtrious land!
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where RUSSEL lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt chearfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the †BRITISH CASSIUS, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love

† ALGERNON SYDNEY.

Of

Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *Sages*, and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a BACON; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloyſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
The generous *ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whoſe pious ſearch,
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,

*ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of *Shafteſbury*.

The great CREATOR ſought? and why thy LOCKE,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom GOD
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who like a copious river pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing ſage,
CHAUCER, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my ſong ſoften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,

Like

Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

ISLAND of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once, the wonder, terror, and delight
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.

O THOU! by whoſe almighty *Nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace* and ſocial *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chaſtity*,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough *Induſtry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,

And ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.

The Bleſſings of Induſtry. THOMSON.

THESE are thy bleſſings, INDUSTRY! rough power!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all,
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort

Of

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on,
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

THEN gathering Men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *Whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force *Oppreſſion* chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves had rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the City rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!

Choſe

Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings,
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering ſong.

A Harveſt Storm. THOMSON.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy-in,
From the bare wild the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.

Red,

Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice;
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all involving winds have ſwept away.

The Barbarity of Shooting and Hunting.

THOMSON.

HERE the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural Game:*
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Out-ſtretch'd and finely ſenſible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret-eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' born triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling, various down the wind.

THESE are not ſubjects for the peaceful Muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch, her ſpotleſs ſong;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-chearful barbarous game of death;

This

This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhunn'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who, with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd; the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thirſty lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unſleeping eyes,
By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew

Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn,
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's ſhout;
O'er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.

A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting, with Advice to the Fair Sex.

THOMSON.

——GIVE, ye BRITONS, then,
Your ſportive fury, pitileſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toſt;

Then

Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops;
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.

BUT firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide,
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoaking ſirloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the paſty plung'd, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then ſated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirſt*

Produce

Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of *Maia* to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light effulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, whiſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoak,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon; while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.

At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle: and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme! from horſes, hounds,

To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time with ſudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *Cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide below,
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter: where aſtride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.

BUT if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the BRITISH FAIR.
Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire,
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,

And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd Home Man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praiſe.

A Panegyric on a philoſophical Country Life.

THOMSON.

OH knew he but his happineſs, of Men
The happieſt he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking croud
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not!
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
From him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury and death! What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,

Or

Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate!
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor ought beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.

LET others brave the floods in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,

Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far-diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage, and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let *theſe*
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race; and *thoſe* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the Man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He,

He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhened ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſ'd, and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone

Extatic

Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!

Oh Nature! all-ſufficient over all!
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral *Strata* there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye:
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That *beſt* ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook

And

And whiſper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my ſong;
And let me never never ſtray from THEE!

A Man periſhing in the Snow, with Reflections on the Miſeries of human Life.

THOMSON.

AS thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe revolving fields the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow! and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of Man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,

Renders

Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt;
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,

And

And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe.
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop,
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,

And

And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill the ſocial paſſions work.

A Winter-Evening deſcribed, as ſpent by the Country People, and in the City.

THOMSON.

MEAN-TIME the village rouzes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep:
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm'd with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe inchanted joy,
To ſwift deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong ſink.

Up-ſprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
The glittering court effuſes every pomp!
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A ſoft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay inſect in *his* ſummer-ſhine,
The fop, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.
DREAD o'er the ſcene, the ghoſt of HAMLET ſtalks;
OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her ſoul in love.
Terror alarms the breaſt; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the COMIC MUSE
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL ſhew'd.

Moral Reflections on a future State.

THOMSON.

'TIS done!—dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

* A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

How

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares, thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high.—And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected: why the good Man's ſhare

In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of WINTRY TIME will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of every Quality pleaſing to the Imagination, &c.

AKENSIDE.

——ERE the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night,
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,

The

The mountains, woods and ſtreams, the rolling
globe,
And wiſdom's mien cœleſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhow'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to different labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different byaſs, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes

Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the fire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. *They* alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; *they* partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand,
To certain ſpecies of eternal things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial pow'rs,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its inchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,

And

And vales of bliſs: the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And ſmiles; the paſſions gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, Oh! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her lovelieſt features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflames
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confeſſes; the *ſublime*,
The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I ſee them dawn;
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.

The different Degrees of Beauty in different Species of Objects, &c. AKENSIDE.

THUS with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Advent'rous to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains
Thro' various being's fair-proportioned ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree
The leaſt and lowlieſt, in th' effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this various ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreathe.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r, to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;

And

And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
In nature's charm, where the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are giv'n,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager air and joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, even in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of the mind:
By ſteps conducting our enraptur'd ſearch
To that eternal origin, whoſe pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
MIND, MIND alone, bear witneſs, earth and heav'n!
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd,
Cœleſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' Nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken thro' the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O Man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate

Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bad the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free?—Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams from other's woes?
Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvy'd treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch undiſmay'd the dark profound
Where nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of min'ral treaſure, and th' eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call

Her

Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heav'ns created: then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the pow'rs
Of genius and deſign; th' ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends her nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wiſdom gave to lift his eye,
To truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue riſing from the awful depth
Of truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dreſs'd by fancy in ten thouſand hues,

Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
Th' ingenuous youth whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds, her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or in act ſerene,
Yet watchful raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the law.

The Œconomy of Providence. AKENSIDE.

INHABITANT of earth, to whom is giv'n
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear——
Know then the ſovereign ſpirit of the world,
Tho' ſelf-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep eſſence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity compleat;
Yet by immenſe benignity inclin'd
To ſpread around him that primæval joy
Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm,
And ſounded thro' the hollow depth of ſpace
The ſtrong, creative mandate. Strait aroſe

Theſe

Theſe heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
Thro' endleſs forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him each portion of the vital flame,
In meaſure ſuch, that from the wide complex
Of coexiſtent orders, *one* might riſe,
One order, all involving and intire.
He too beholding in the ſacred light
Of his eſſential reaſon, all the ſhapes
Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
Of action propagated thro' the ſum
Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once,
Down the long ſeries of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd,
To every living ſoul of every kind,
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme deſign,
To univerſal good: with full accord
Anſwering the mighty model he had chos'n,
The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By *one* exertion of creative pow'r
His goodneſs to reveal; thro' every age,
Thro' every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increaſe
Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to cœleſtial minds

For

For ever leads the generations on
To higher ſcenes of being; while ſupply'd
From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
Obedient ſwells, and every headlong ſtream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aſpire to GOD,
The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
Aright; nor is the care of heav'n withheld
From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb th' aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

The Origin of Vice. AKENSIDE.

———FOR ſince the courſe
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; ſo haply where the pow'rs
Of fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge

The

The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinon ſays he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd;
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the ſound of death
Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth? Alas! in ſuch a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of ſacred ſenates, nor the ſacred voice
Of juſtice on her throne, nor ought that wakes
The conſcious boſom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or ſtand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to *betray* his country? And in act
Will he not chuſe to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From th' inchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirſt
Of youth oft ſwallows a Circæan draught,

That

That ſheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reaſon, till no longer he diſcerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition graſps
The empire of the ſoul: thus pale revenge
Unſheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands
Of luſt and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling ſcene
The tragic muſe diſcloſes, under ſhapes
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the mind.———

The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cauſe of the Senſe of it. AKENSIDE.

BEHOLD the foremoſt band; of ſlender thought,
And eaſy faith; whom flatt'ring fancy ſooths
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance

Of

Of wiſhful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In number boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then ſet up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb
With formal-band, and ſable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial ſplendour, ſteely ſpikes and ſwords
Of coſtly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flow'ry gold, aſſume the port
Of ſtately valour; liſt'ning by his ſide
There ſtands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earneſt import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, ſtorms,
And ſulph'rous mines, and ambuſh: then at once
Breaks off, and ſmiles to ſee her look ſo pale,
And aſks ſome wond'ring queſtion of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy enſigns, how ſublime they move,
And bending oft their ſanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the ſimple-minded throng;
Ambaſſadors of heav'n! Nor much unlike
Is he whoſe viſage, in the lazy miſt
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whiſpers, nods,
And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy ſchemes,
And dark portents of ſtate. Ten thouſand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntleſs in and ſwell the boaſtful band.

Then

Then comes the ſecond order; all who ſeek
The debt of praiſe, where watchful unbelief
Darts thro' the thin pretence her ſquinting eye
On ſome retir'd appearance which belies
The boaſted virtue, or annuls th' applauſe
That juſtice elſe would pay. Here ſide by ſide
I ſee two leaders of the ſolemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet ſtill ſhe ſtuns
The ſick'ning audience with a naufeous tale;
How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how reſolv'd ſhe guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the riſques of love,
And man's ſeducing tongue! The other ſeems
A bearded ſage, ungentle in his mien,
And ſordid all his habit; peeviſh want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific phraſe
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace
Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire, more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore, but as indulgent ſtreams
To chear the barren ſoil and ſpread the fruits

Of

Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Thro' ev'ry ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay;
Thro' every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying nerves and choaks her tongue;
What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the pow'r of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-eye'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick obſerver: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty mix their partial claim
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity are wont to dwell,
Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
Invade reſplendent pomp's imperial mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.

Aſk we for what fair end, th' almighty ſire
In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
The giddy aims of folly? Tho' the light
Of truth ſlow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, thro' many a ſubtile tie,

How

How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil! yet benignant heav'n,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of nature; therefore ſtamp'd
The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn
As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown,
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.

The Benevolent Order of the World, illuſtrated in the arbitrary Connection of Pleaſure with the Object which excites it.

AKENSIDE.

BY what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind; which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing ſun,
O'er the cærulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs, and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs
Exulting in the ſplendour ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqu'ror moving thro' the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,

Soft-

Soft-murm'ring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Thro' all its tones the ſymphony purſue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the ſong?

But were not nature ſtill indow'd at large
With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
With ſuch inchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch æthereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
Th' impaſſion'd ſoul! and whence the robes of light
Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe? Whence but from thee,
O ſource divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wond'ring ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well-pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth:
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,

Nor

Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time:
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurprize, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with ſtreams and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, the inchanted landſcape ſmiles,
Chears his long labours and renews his frame.

The Advantages reſulting from a well form'd Imagination. AKENSIDE.

OH! bleſt of heav'n, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour, can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What tho' not all
Of mortal off-ſpring can attain the height
Of envy'd life; tho' only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,

With

With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.

But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what th' eternal maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with GOD himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

Man's Diſobedience—Loſs of Paradiſe—Satan driven out of Heaven. MILTON.

SAY firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favour'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel Angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory 'bove his peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,

Confounded tho' immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmoſt pole.

Satan lying on the burning Lake. MILTON.

THUS Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge

As

As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge at length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heav'n
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and
roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight

Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: Such reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet.———

Pandemonium. MILTON.

ANON out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with boſſy ſculpture graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove

In

In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately height, and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by ſubtle magic many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus yielded light
As from a ſky.———

Satan's Speech to the Sun. MILTON.

O THOU that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O ſun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs king:
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,

How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdein'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me tho' mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what t' accuſe,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,

To

To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.

So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: All good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.

Eve gives an Account of herſelf upon her firſt Creation. MILTON.

THAT day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade of flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;

With

With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excel'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

Adam and Eve, in a morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker.

MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe Heavens
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.

Moon,

Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven's gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.

Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

The Meſſiah, ſurrounded with an Hoſt of Angels, goes forth in the Power of his Father, to perform the Work of Creation. MILTON.

——MEAN while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd,
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs

Outrageous

Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou, deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtaid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.

The Meſſiah returns to Heaven, and takes a Survey of his Work. MILTON.

HERE finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work

Deſiſting,

Deſiſting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounded, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heardſt)
The Heav'ns and all the conſtellations rung,
The planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a world.

Adam gives an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation.

MILTON.

——AS new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And

And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if you ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank profuſe of flowers
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep

Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being.

Adam deſcribes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude.

MILTON.

O BY what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or ought that mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
What call'ſt thou ſolitude? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,

And

And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.

Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?

Seem

Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found; not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecreſy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd;
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus

Thus I embolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.

Adam's Joy and Gratitude upon the Diſcovery of a Creature reſembling the Apparition preſented to him in his Dream. MILTON.

WHEN out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable: On ſhe came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites;

Grace

Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and Mother, and to' his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her, ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bower
I led her bluſhing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,

Diſporting,

Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening ſtar
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

Satan's Soliloquy after traverſing the Globe, and examining the Nature of every Creature.

MILTON.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of Gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heavens
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concentering all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is center, yet extends to all, ſo thou
Centering receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee

Pleaſures

Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe
To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made, all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe,
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty ſtil'd, ſix nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More Angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,

Exalted

Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With heav'nly ſpoils, our ſpoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice Angel wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus rapt in miſt
Of midnight vapour glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With Gods to ſit the higheſt, am now conſtrain'd
Into a beaſt, and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the highth of deity aſpir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? who aſpires muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious firſt or laſt
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long back on itſelf recoils;
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new fav'rite
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.

Eve addreſſes herſelf to Adam for Pardon—— their Reconciliation, &c. MILTON.

HE added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, Adam, witneſs Heaven
What love ſincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befall'n,
On me already loſt, me than thyſelf
More miſerable; both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God only', I againſt God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,

There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, juſt object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration; ſoon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo fair, his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, whom ſhe had diſpleas'd; his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.

Unwary, and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thyſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer ſex forgiven,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But riſe, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elſewhere, but ſtrive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our ſhare of woe.

Our firſt Parents offer up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them, when he pronounced their Sentence. MILTON.

WHAT better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favor, grace, and mercy ſhone.

So ſpake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Eve's

Eve's Complaint, upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the Garden of Paradiſe.

MILTON.

MUST I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation and my laſt
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, or water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd,
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet, from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

Adam's Speech to Michael, &c. MILTON.

CELESTIAL, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the higheſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem

Prince above princes, gently haſt thou told
Thy meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what beſides
Of ſorrow and dejection and deſpair
Our frailty can ſuſtain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places elſe
Inhoſpitable appear and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But pray'r againſt his abſolute decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling gums, and fruits and flowers:

In

In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or foot-ſtep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.

Our Saviour's Reply to Satan, when tempted by him in the Wilderneſs. MILTON.

TO whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth
For empire's ſake, nor empire to affect
For glory's ſake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
The people's praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the praiſe?
They praiſe, and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be deſpis'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God

Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his Angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes; thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame, thro' Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'ſt well remember,
He aſk'd thee, haſt thou ſeen my ſervant Job?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by aſſault: what do theſe worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſoe'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worſhip'd with Temple, Prieſt and Sacrifice;
One is the ſon of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other;
Till conqu'ror Death diſcovers them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;

By

By deeds of peace, by wiſdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention ſtill
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a land and times obſcure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job?*
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and ſuffer'd for ſo doing,
For truth's ſake ſuffering death unjuſt, lives now
Equal in fame to proudeſt Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught ſuffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His waſted country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at leaſt,
And loſes, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I ſeek glory then, as vain men ſeek
Oft not deſerv'd? I ſeek not mine, but his
Who ſent me, and thereby witneſs whence I am.

Deſcription of a horrid Night, which Satan is feigned to have conjured up in the Wilderneſs.

MILTON.

——DARKNESS now aroſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in lowring night
Her ſhad'wy off-ſpring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd ſore,

Hungry and cold betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concourſe of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwin'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head,
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt Oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts,
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtood'ſt
Unſhaken; nor yet ſtaid the terrors there,
Infernal ghoſts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'ſt unapal'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim ſteps in amice grey;
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly Spectres which the Fiends had rais'd,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

Falſe

Falſe Greatneſs. Dr. WATTS.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him bleſt
That only boaſts a large Eſtate,
Should all the treaſures of the *Weſt*
Meet, and conſpire to make him Great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reaſon can't deſcend ſo low,
Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow ſoul.

II.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore.
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beams with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb the tree,
When *Cræſus* mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up, and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

III.

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate,
Cræſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferior to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind's the ſtandard of the man.

True Monarchy. Dr. WATTS.

THE riſing year beheld th' imperious *Gaul*
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred Towns
Crouch to the victor: but a ſteady ſoul
Stands firm on it's own baſe, and reigns as wide,
As abſolute; and ſways ten thouſand ſlaves,
Luſts and wild fancies with a ſovereign hand.
We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reaſon's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilſt his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own ſtatutes, and with joy obeys.
'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,

Tho'

Tho' gilt with ſun-beams and ſet round with ſtars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he ſtands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly ſlumbers, and ſecure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In ſquare battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himſelf a num'rous hoſt,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveleſs as the centre.
In vain the harlot, pleaſure, ſpreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To ſenſual eaſe, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whoſe waxen images of ſouls
Are moulded into ſoftneſs) ſtill his mind
Wears it's own ſhape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.
He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy. In himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tower, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.
Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom: ſit above the globe,
My riſing ſoul, and dreſs thyſelf around,
And ſhine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crouding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil, to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

True Riches. Dr. WATTS.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can ſay,
I've poſſeſt myſelf to-day;
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my fleſh, and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.
Glittering ſtones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world beſtows,
She can take, and I can loſe;
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.

When

When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf a whole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,
Rich as *Eden*'s happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeful grows;
On the ſame young flow'ry tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into ſolid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of nobler taſte;
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt.
Here in a green and ſhady grove,
Streams of pleaſure mix with love;
There beneath the ſmiling ſkies
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul:

'Tis

'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treaſures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of *Peru*;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden *Indies* are;
Ships that trace the watry ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;
Harts, or Horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days and more.

Yet the ſilly wand'ring mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence:
Or ſhe ſits at fancy's door,
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows to her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t'herſelf a ſtranger living.
Never, never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt, or *Tyrian* dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore.
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton.

PHILLIPS.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A *Splendid Shilling:* He nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To *Juniper's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or *Phillis*; he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while he ſmoaks and laughs at merry tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smoaks *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, kings
Full famous in romantic tale), when he

O'er

O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvonian* mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient town
Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s ſtream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful ſoil,
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.
Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel aſcends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhall I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper, ſolemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him
ſtalks

Another

Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of money, *Pallas* ſet the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, nor arms, nor ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,

And

And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree:
Mean while, I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale:
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.

Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays

Mature,

Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor *Medlar*, fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My *Galligaſkins* that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire-chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* (dang'rous rocks)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the battering waves ruſh in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

A Hymn to Contentment. PARNELL.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy regions doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate to meet thee there.
Increaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love! and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,

Converſe

Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its form below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.

Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* bleſs'd,
And man contains it in his breaſt.

'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
And ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd, as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke——Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy;
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;

While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And Thee, *Great Source of nature*, ſing.

The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of Man.

Go, ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your *buſy* or your *vain* extreams;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

A Night-Piece on Death. PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:

Their

Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught *below*.

How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow,
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe graves with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,

(Which

(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the *Rich* or praiſe the *Great*;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades;
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapt with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from anong the bones.

When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!
They view me like the laſt of things:
They make, and then they dread, my ſtings.

Fools! if your leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.

Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun;
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

The Hermit. PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from Man, with God he paſs'd his days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;

Then

Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the *Southern* ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair,
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my ſon! the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine, a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His *Cup* was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining Spoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds:

A ſound

A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wand'ring pair retreat
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the *Miſer*'s heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew,
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon take place,
In every ſettling feature of his face!

When from his veſt the young companion bore
That *Cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim*'s boſom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;

From

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more aſſault his heart.

Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

Deteſted wretch!——But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpl'd air;
And wings whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel——Thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,

Your

Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.

The *Great*, *Vain Man*, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the *Cup*, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean ſuſpicious *Wretch*, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow).

The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that falſe *Servant* ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail?
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Eliſha*, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

A Fairy Tale in the ancient Engliſh Stile.

PARNELL.

IN *Britain*'s iſle and *Arthur*'s days,
When midnight *Faeries* danc'd the maze,
Liv'd *Edwin* of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe and truth,
Tho' badly ſhap'd he been.

His

His mountain-back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above:
Yet ſpite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of *Edith*'s eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir *Topaz* dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape cou'd win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my ſong)
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive *Faeries* made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:

And (well I ween to count aright)
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſoil his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds encreaſe,
And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me *Gentles!*) never yet
Was dight a maſking half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a *Gallant* dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
What *Mortal* of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain*, whoſe vent'rous ſoul
No fears of *Magick* art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
'Nor have I cauſe of dreed, he ſaid,
'Who view (by no preſumption led)
'Your revels of the night.

'Twas

'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
'Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
'Amid the nightly dew.'
'Tis well, the *Gallant* cries again,
We *Faeries* never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
To make thee grief reſign:
Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
Whilſt I with *Mab* my partner daunce,
Be little *Mable* thine.

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſick floats in wanton air:
The *Monarch* leads the *Queen*:
The reſt their *Faerie* partners found,
And *Mable* nimbly tript the ground
With *Edwin* of the green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire;
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the *Faerie King*,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antick feats deviſe;

Some

Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In *Edwin*'s wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at laſt that *Robin* hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
As hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the *Youth* he hung
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " Reverſe my charm, he cries,
" And let it fairly now ſuffice
" The gambol has been ſhewn."
But *Oberon* anſwers with a ſmile,
Content thee, *Edwin*, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clap'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor *Edwin* falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſike a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as dan *Apollo* roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous *Edith* ſees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd
(The youth of *Edith* erſt approv'd)
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall:
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The *Faeries* bragly foot the floor,
And muſick fills the hall.

But *certes* ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir *Topaz* ſees the *Elphin* ſhow,
His ſpirits in him die:

When

When *Oberon* cries, 'A man is near,
'A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
'Hangs flagging in the ſky.'

With that Sir *Topaz* (hapleſs youth!)
In accents fault'ring ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he had been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

'Ah loſell vile, at once they roar!
'And little ſkill'd of *Faerie* lore,
'Thy cauſe to come we know:
'Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
'And *Faeries*, ſince a lie you tell,
'Are free to work thee woe.'

Then *Will*, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoiſe in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat:
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never ſpell by *Faerie* laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* loſt afore.

This tale a *Sybil-Nurſe* ared;
She ſoftly ſtrok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
'Thus ſome are born, my ſon (ſhe cries)
'With baſe impediments to riſe,
'And ſome are born with none.

'But virtue can itſelf advance
'To what the fav'rite fools of chance
'By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
'Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
'And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
'Upon th' unworthy mind.'

Health

Health; an Eclogue. PARNELL.

NOW early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glitt'ring graſs:
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.

When *Damon* ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd thro',
A cover'd arbor clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the *Youth*, and while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſick, thus contrives a ſong.

Here wafted o'er by mild *Eteſian* air,
Thou country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health!* repair;
Here let my breaſt thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale;
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my ſoul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling daizies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:

High

High ſunny ſummits, deeply ſhaded dales,
Thick moſſy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various proſpect gratify the ſight,
And ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country *Goddeſs*, come; nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy mountain-ſiſter, *Exerciſe*.
Call'd by thy lively voice, ſhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chaſe;
She mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horſes, croud her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe as means of toil the feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lie ſoft'ning till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſultry town,
Unnerv'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
I mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where ſtags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And ſhake the ſaplings with their branching head;
I make the faulcons wing their airy way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;
To ſnare the fiſh, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from ev'ry change.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm *Content*, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I platt my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flow'rs;
To welcome her this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.

Now friends converſing, my ſoft hours refine,
And *Tully's Tuſculum* revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or *Maro's* muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight.
Theſe ſoft *Amuſements* bring *Content* along,
And *Fancy*, void of ſorrow, turns to *Song*.

Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

AZ 21

Reflections

Reflections on Time, Eternity, the laſt Day, &c.

YOUNG.

WHERE, the prime actors of the *laſt year's* ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With luſtre, and with noiſe! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Tho' in a ſtile more florid, full as plain,
As *Mauſoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profeſt diverſions!* cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: theſe preſent us with a ſhroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: How like gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in immortality,

Shed

Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*

What, all the pomps, and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?

LORENZO! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *thy* world?— A grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plow, diſturb our anceſtors:
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the ceiling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whoſe bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The *moiſt* of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter, thro' the mighty void, the *dry*;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire:
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins ſpread; man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The *Roman? Greek?* They ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Tho' half our learning is *their* epitaph.

When

When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *Death*, I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſp'ring faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the *wiſe*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O LORENZO! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow; oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons; and weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution, ſoon in flames.
But, like CASSANDRA, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I truſt, to thee.

For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the council of the ſkies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers;
Prime miniſters of vengeance! Chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,

In

In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When Heav'ns inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, *Famine*, *Peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.

Seeſt thou, LORENZO! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! At the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by ſtorm,
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain height
Out-burns *Veſuvius*; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her ploughſhare o'er creation!—While aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was ſeen,

Than e'er was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other *Sun!*—A Sun, O how unlike
The babe at *Bethle'm!* how unlike the man
That groan'd on *Calvary!*——Yet *he* it is;
That Man of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n deſcends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now, all droſs remov'd, Heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In nature's courſe; the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *this* awakes
The moſt ſupine; *this* ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my ſubject is my muſe.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,

At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden, as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her; doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are we *now?* Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood, LORENZO! While thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* roſe from *chaos*; *man* from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At *thought* of thee!—And art thou *abſent* then?
LORENZO! No; 'tis here:—it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: deputed Conſcience ſcales

The

The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *ſure*.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *void* judgment paſs?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And GOD above aſſert that GOD in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No): The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks, "*What is truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heav'n!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee, for thee, their LORD,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,

To diſ-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature*'s renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the JUDGE inthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! To pain, no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of GOD and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcarr'd;
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.

'Tis *preſent* to my thought!—And, yet, where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *gueſs*
The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the *proceſs*, and the *place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great Cloſe of human hopes and fears!

Great

Great Key of hearts! great Finiſher of fates!
Great End, and great Beginning! ſay, where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity?*
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their pow'rs ally'd,
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vaſt fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth; contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upſtarting from one bed,
Preſt in one croud, appal'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee.*
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,

How often call'd! and with the voice of GOD!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* ſmile.

For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the *comet*'s blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in ſtorms,
Sonorous, as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: What enſues?
The deed prodominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The *goddeſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Thro' deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heav'n,

Down,

Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more.
The deep reſounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies;
Oh how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy that ſhake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings;
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* roſe
To ſee *creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely clos'd!
To ſee the mighty *dramatiſt*'s laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd GOD, a GOD, *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *knots*; to ſtrike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe;
And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.

The Young Lady and the Looking-Glaſs. A Fable. WILKIE.

YE deep philoſophers who can
Explain that various creature, MAN,
Say, is there any point ſo nice,
As that of offering an advice?

To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almoſt certain to offend:
Tho' you in ſofteſt terms adviſe,
Confeſs him good; admit him wiſe;
In vain you ſweeten the diſcourſe,
He thinks you call him FOOL, or worſe;
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it and apply.
Without a name reprove and warn:
Here none are hurt, and all may learn:
This too muſt fail, the picture ſhown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the caſe,
Say this is honeſt, that is baſe;
In converſation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral leſſon to convey?
Muſt all that ſhall attempt to teach,
Admoniſh, ſatirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By ſages found to reach the heart,
Ere ſcience with diſtinctions nice
Had fixt what virtue is and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moraliſt declaims:
They wou'd by ſimple TALES adviſe,
Which took the hearer by ſurpriſe;
Alarm'd his conſcience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;

And made him from himſelf receive
The leſſons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any ſhall pretend to doubt,
The TALE which follows makes it out.

There was a little ſtubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame,
Reſtive by long indulgence grown,
No will ſhe minded but her own:
At trifles oft ſhe'd ſcold and fret,
Then in a corner take a ſeat,
And ſourly moping all the day
Diſdain alike to work or play.
Papa all ſofter arts had try'd,
And ſharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every courſe
He took ſtill made her worſe and worſe.
'Tis ſtrange to think how female wit,
So oft ſhou'd make a lucky hit,
When man with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, ſounder ſenſe,
Will err, and meaſures falſe purſue—
'Tis very ſtrange I own, but true—
Mama obſerv'd the riſing laſs,
By ſtealth retiring to the glaſs,
To practiſe little airs unſeen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep deſign ſhe laid
To tame the humour of the maid;

Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, againſt the ſeat
Which JESSY us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glaſs was ſtraight ſuſpended,
That it might ſhow her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when ſhe ſtorm'd;
And warn her, as ſhe priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the Looking-glaſs atchiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid who ſpurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So when all other means had fail'd
The ſilent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, FABLE to the human-kind
Preſents an *image* of the mind,
It is a *mirror* where we ſpy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of courſe thoſe faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

The Boy and the Rainbow. A Fable. WILKIE.

DECLARE, ye ſages, if ye find
'Mongſt animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, ſort, and ſize,
From whales and elephants to flies,

A creature

A creature that miſtakes his plan,
And errs ſo conſtantly as man.
Each kind purſues his proper good,
And ſeeks for pleaſure, reſt, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooſes and prefers;
Man only blunders, though poſſeſt
Of talents far above the reſt.

Deſcend to inſtances and try;
An ox will ſcarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his paſture in the wood
With fiſhes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of every creature,
In oppoſition to his nature.
The happineſs of human-kind
Conſiſts in rectitude of mind,
A will ſubdu'd to reaſon's ſway,
And paſſions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from ſelfiſhneſs and art;
Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wiſdom never ſad nor ſour:
In theſe conſiſt our proper bliſs;
Elſe PLATO reaſons much amiſs:
But fooliſh mortals ſtill purſue
Falſe happineſs in place of true;
Ambition ſerves us for a guide,
Or Luſt, or Avarice, or Pride;
While Reaſon no aſſent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.

Hence through our lives in every ſtage,
From infancy itſelf to age,
A happineſs we toil to find,
Which ſtill avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vaniſh'd, loſt and gone.
You'll aſk me why I thus rehearſe
All EPICTETUS in my verſe,
And if I fondly hope to pleaſe
With dry reflections, ſuch as theſe,
So trite, ſo hackney'd, and ſo ſtale?
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a ſimple ſwain
His flock attended on the plain,
The ſhining bow he chanc'd to ſpy,
Which warns us when a ſhow'r is nigh;
With brighteſt rays it ſeem'd to glow,
Its diſtance eighty yards or ſo.
This bumkin had, it ſeems, been told
The ſtory of the cup of gold,
Which Fame reports is to be found
Juſt where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a ſudden itch
To ſeize the goblet and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
But ſit indulging by the fire,
'Midſt eaſe and plenty, like a 'ſquire:
He mark'd the very ſpot of land
On which the Rainbow ſeem'd to ſtand,

And

And ſtepping forwards at his leiſure,
Expected to have found the treaſure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and ſlipt away,
As ſeeming his approach to ſhun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it ſtill withdrew
As nimbly as he could purſue;
At laſt thro' many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the eaſy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vaniſh'd in his ſight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

The Rake and the Hermit. A Fable. WILKIE.

A Youth, a pupil of the town,
Philoſopher and atheiſt grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whoſe hoſpitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ler and his ſteed,
For both ſufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
Hunger the firſt attention claims;
Upon the coals a raſher flames,
Dry cruſts, and liquor ſomething ſtale,
Were added to make up a meal;

At

At which our trav'ler as he ſat
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what ſtrains
Of folly governs ſome folks brains:
What makes you chooſe this wild abode?
You'll ſay, 'tis to converſe with God;
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never ſaw or ſpoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And ſay it rules us ev'ry hour;
To me all nature ſeems confuſion,
And ſuch weak fancies mere deluſion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Cou'd there be ſuch a thing as night;
Which, when the ſun has left the ſkies,
Puts all things in a deep diſguiſe?
If then a trav'ler chance to ſtray
The leaſt ſtep from the public way,
He's ſoon in endleſs mazes loſt,
As I have found it to my coſt.
Beſides, the gloom which nature wears,
Aſſiſts imaginary fears
Of ghoſts and goblins from the waves
Of ſulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All ſprung from ſuperſtitious ſeed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith ſuggeſts when reaſon fails;
And reaſon nothing underſtands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.

Theſe ſubtil eſſences, like wind,
Which ſome have dreamt of and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie
Which ſays men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wiſely leaves them out:
Suggeſting what is worth our care,
To take things preſent as they are,
Our wiſeſt courſe: the reſt is folly,
The fruit of ſpleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That reaſon ſtill our guide ſhou'd be:
And will admit her as the teſt,
Of what is true and what is beſt:
But reaſon ſure wou'd bluſh for ſhame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are ſublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of folly:
Reaſon with meaſur'd ſteps and ſlow
To things above from things below
Aſcends, and guides us thro' her ſphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmoſt frontier ſtands,
And reaſon puts us in her hands,
But not till her commiſſion giv'n
Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
'Tis ſtrange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Shou'd miſs a God in viewing nature:
Whoſe high perfections are diſplay'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:

Ev'n when we think their traces loſt,
When found again, we ſee them moſt;
The night itſelf, which you would blame
As ſomething wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to inveſt
Her weary children, when at reſt:
Like that which mothers draw to keep
The light off from a child aſleep.
Beſide, the fears which darkneſs breeds,
At leaſt augments, in vulgar heads,
Are far from uſeleſs, when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Juſt rais'd againſt his neighbour's life;
And in defence of virtue's cauſe
Aſſiſt each ſanction of the laws.
But ſouls ſerene, where wiſdom dwells,
And ſuperſtitious dread expels,
The ſilent majeſty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight;
With ſaints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating pow'r;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the ſphere of mortal things:
Walk forth and tread thoſe dewy plains
Where night in awful ſilence reigns;
The ſky's ſerene, the air is ſtill,
The woods ſtand liſt'ning on each hill.

To catch the ſounds that ſink and ſwell,
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
While foxes howl and beetles hum,
Sounds which make ſilence ſtill more dumb:
And try if folly raſh and rude
Dare on the ſacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
Attempt to quote thoſe lights by name,
Which ſhine ſo thick and ſpread ſo far;
Conceive a ſun in every ſtar,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets ſhoot athwart the whole.
From ſyſtem ſtill to ſyſtem ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And ſhaking from their flaming hair
The things moſt needed every where.
Explore this glorious ſcene, and ſay
That night diſcovers leſs than day;
That 'tis quite uſeleſs, and a ſign
That chance diſpoſes, not deſign:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad or elſe a dunce.
For reaſon, tho' 'tis far from ſtrong,
Will ſoon find out that nothing's wrong,
From ſigns and evidences clear,
Of wiſe contrivance every where.

The hermit ended, and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At leaſt he yielded, and confeſt
That all was order'd for the beſt.

The Miſer and Plutus. A Fable. GAY.

THE wind was high; the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks:
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt.
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares;
And thus his guilty ſoul declares.

Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good gods! what price
Can recompence the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's ſword to kill:
'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!

He

He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The Viſion frown'd, and thus addreſt.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant.
Did I, baſe wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd;
Ev'n virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis avarice, inſolence, and pride,
And ev'ry ſhocking vice beſide.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of heav'n:
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on gold ſhall miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay:
Let bravoes then (when blood is ſpilt)
Upbraid the paſſive ſword with guilt.

The Monkey who had ſeen the World. A Fable.

GAY.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes:
For men in diſtant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.

At length the treach'rous ſnare was laid;
Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,
There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilette calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In viſits too his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like ORPHEUS burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.

The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.

Some

Some praiſe his ſleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending:
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſts, or fleecy ſnow:
But all, with envy and deſire,
His flutt'ring ſhoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth; ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow like man polite.

He ſpoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applauſe.

Now

Now warm with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

The ſick Man and the Angel. A Fable. GAY.

IS there no hope? the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſighs of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man with gaſping breath:
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion.
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands,

Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends,
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown.
An angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere.
This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why ſuch haſte! the ſick man whines;
Who knows as yet what heav'n deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That ſum and more are in my will.
Fool, ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your ſoul, your heav'n was gain.

From

From ev'ry ſide with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte? ſo groan'd and dy'd.

The Perſian, the Sun, and the Cloud. A Fable.

GAY.

IS there a bard whom genius fires;
Whoſe ev'ry thought the God inſpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell;
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all CURL's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and ſpite.
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.

As proſtrate to the God of day
With heart devout a *Perſian* lay;
His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-ſeeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields and bleſs the year!

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow.
With fervent zeal the *Perſian* mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.
It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there:
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown.
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind,
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd.
The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

The Father and Jupiter. A Fable. GAY.

THE Man to JOVE his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with prayers.

Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view:
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire,
Till he the ſtep of pow'r aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bleſs'd:
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.

The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew,
The thriving arts of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place;
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.

Beauty

Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God. By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that poſſeſt,
To providence reſign the reſt.

The Hare and many Friends. A Fable. GAY.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame;
The child whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.

What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the horſe appear'd in view!
Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendſhip ev'ry burden's light.

The horſe reply'd, Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the ſtately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place.

To leave you thus, might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the goat is juſt behind.
The goat remark'd her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The ſheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The ſheep was feeble, and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd:
Said he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep, as well as hares.
She now the trotting calf addreſs'd
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me then. You know my heart.
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu;
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view.

The Squire and his Cur. A Fable. GAY.

THE man of pure and ſimple heart
Through life diſdains a double part.
He never needs the ſcreen of lies
His inward boſom to diſguiſe.
In vain malicious tongues aſſail.
Let envy ſnarl, let ſlander rail,

From virtue's ſhield (ſecure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd ſhafts rebound.
So ſhines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honeſt mind.
If in his country's cauſe he riſe,
Debating ſenates to adviſe,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honeſt dictates of his heart.
No miniſterial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perſeveres.

But would you play the politician,
Whoſe heart's averſe to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reaſon,
Muſt be controul'd by place and ſeaſon.
What ſtateſman could his pow'r ſupport,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely years to truth attend,
What miniſter could gain his end?
How could he raiſe his tools to place,
And how his honeſt foes diſgrace?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art.
The man's proficient in his trade;
His pow'r is ſtrong, his fortune's made.
By that the int'reſt of the throne
Is made ſubſervient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded;
By that, his ſelfiſh ſchemes purſuing
He thrives upon the public ruin.

ANTIOCHUS, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, loſt from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathleſs plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal gueſt;
The PARTHIAN clown brought forth his beſt.
The king unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſprings!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country folk (the clown replies)
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king (as all our neighbours ſay)
Might he (God bleſs him!) have his way,
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he cou'd.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor ſubjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him:
But that transferr'd to thoſe about him,
On them he throws the regal cares:
And what mind they? their own affairs.
If ſuch rapacious hands they truſt,
The beſt of men may ſeem unjuſt.
From kings to coblers 'tis the ſame:
Bad ſervants wound their maſter's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king knew as well as we.
Here he ſtopt ſhort. Repoſe they ſought.
The peaſant ſlept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their loſt ſov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards approach, our hoſt alarms,
With gaudy coats the cottage ſwarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And proſtrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd, the royal gueſt,
By due reward his thanks expreſt.
The king then turning to the croud,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus ſpoke. Since, bent on private gain,
Your counſels firſt miſled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here converſing. Hence, ye crew,
For now I know myſelf and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's ingroſt,
State-lies but little genius coſt.
The fav'rite then ſecurely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poiſons dares inſtill;
And, as his preſent views ſuggeſt,
Inflames or ſooths the royal breaſt.
Thus wicked miniſters oppreſs,
When oft' the monarch means redreſs.

Would kings their private ſubjects hear,
A miniſter muſt talk with fear.
If honeſty oppos'd his views,
He dare not innocence accuſe.

'Twould

'Twould keep him in ſuch narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy, were kings, could they diſcloſe
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themſelves and ſubjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the uſe of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wiſe.
But then a miniſter might loſe
(Hard caſe) his own ambitious views.
When ſuch as theſe have vex'd the ſtate,
Purſu'd by univerſal hate,
Their falſe ſupport at once hath fail'd,
And perſevering truth prevail'd,
Expos'd their train of fraud is ſeen;
Truth will at laſt remove the ſcreen.

A country 'Squire by whim directed,
The true, ſtaunch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er ſtrok'd the ſpaniel's head.
A ſnappiſh Cur, alone careſt,
By lies had baniſh'd all the reſt.
YAP had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full ſcope of converſation.
His ſycophants muſt be preferr'd;
Room muſt be made for all his herd:
Wherefore to bring his ſchemes about,
Old faithful ſervants all muſt out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
(As other great mens puppies do)

Unleſs due court to him were ſhown,
And both their face and buſineſs known.
No honeſt tongue an audience found:
He worried all the tenants round;
For why, he liv'd in conſtant fear,
Leſt truth by chance ſhould interfere.
If any ſtranger dar'd intrude,
The noiſy Cur his heels purſu'd.
Now fierce with rage, now ſtruck with dread,
At once he ſnarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with briſling hair,
And thus in ſecret growls his fear.
Who knows but Truth, in this diſguiſe,
May fruſtrate my beſt guarded lies?
Should ſhe (thus maſk'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's ſign'd.

Now in his howl's continued ſound,
Their words were loſt, their voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honeſt tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he ſtrain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, an ill-omen'd hour,
That YAP, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forſook his poſt, to love inclin'd;
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind,
By her ſeduc'd in am'rous play,
They friſk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus, by untimely love purſuing,
Like ANTHONY, he ſought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noiſe,
An honeſt neighbour's chat enjoys.

Be free (ſays he) your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants ſhun my gate,
Why ſuch a ſtranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not ſo well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur (the farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His ſnarling inſolence offends;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends,
Were but that ſaucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the ſame reſpect.
Hear only him, he'll ſwear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true eſtate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.

The 'Squire heard truth. Now YAP ruſh'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with diſgrace,
The Dog was cudgell'd out of place.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.
A Fable. GAY.

To my native Country.

HAIL, happy land, whoſe fertile grounds
The liquid fence of NEPTUNE bounds;
By bounteous nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of induſtry and art!
O BRITAIN! choſen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy ſons invade;
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)
Corrupt thy ſtate. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighb'ring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.
What is't, who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands.
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all EUROPE's envious eyes.
Be commerce then thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When

When naval traffic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The num'rous flocks that clothe the land,
Can ſcarce ſupply the looms demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.

Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for ſloth? To ſome we find
The plough-ſhare's annual toil aſſign'd.
Some at the ſounding anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-ſliding ſhuttle throw;
Some, ſtudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by induſtry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art:
While ſome of genius more refin'd
With head and tongue aſſiſt mankind:
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's uſeful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's ſpread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory dreſt,
Owes to the loom his royal veſt.
Do not the maſon's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?

Does

Does not the cutler's art ſupply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All theſe, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cauſe)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honeſt toil employ,
And with content their fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry rank, or great or ſmall,
'Tis induſtry ſupports us all.

The animals, by want oppreſs'd,
To man their ſervices addreſs'd.
While each purſu'd their ſelfiſh good,
They hunger'd for precarious food.
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next.
They ſaw that plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial life;
That mutual induſtry profeſs'd,
The various wants of man redreſs'd.

The Cat, half-famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.

Well, Puſs, (ſays Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?

The Cat replies, Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
The mouſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute:
Nor rats from nightly ambuſcade,
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade.

I grant,

I grant, ſays Man, to gen'ral uſe
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil.
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd.

Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treach'rous or unjuſt.
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?

The Man replies, 'Tis juſt and right
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addreſſing now the Fly, From you
What public ſervice can accrue?

From

From me! (the flutt'ring inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By bus'neſs earn ignoble bread.
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flow'r.
On cates luxurioufly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe.
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides.
Hence, from that peach, that downy ſeat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd,
Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, ſot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung;
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)

That

That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood.

So ſaying, with a ſudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Cruſh'd in his luxury and pride,
The ſpunger on the public dy'd.

The Village Preacher. GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmiled,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wiſhed to change his place;
Unpractiſed he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More ſkill to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wandrings, but relieved their pain;

The long remembered beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruined ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken ſoldier kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and ſhewed how fields were won.
Pleaſed with his gueſts, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he prayed, and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the ſkies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was layed,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmayed,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his control
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faultering accents whiſpered praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;

Truth

Truth from his lips prevailed with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remained to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ſteady zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to ſhare the good man's
ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleaſed him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in Heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm;
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

A Ballad. GOLDSMITH.

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way,
'To where yon taper chears the vale,
'With hoſpitable ray.

'For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
'With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
'Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
'Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear,

'Forbear, my ſon,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
'For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
'My door is open ſtill;
'And though my portion is but ſcant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
'Whate'er my cell beſtows;
'My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
'My bleſſing and repoſe.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
'To ſlaughter I condemn:
'Taught by that power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
'A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
'A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
'And water from the ſpring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crouds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt and ſmil'd,
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

'From better habitations ſpurn'd,
'Reluctant doſt thou rove;
'Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
'Are trifling, and decay;
'And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
'More trifling ſtill than they.

'And what is friendſhip but a name,
'A charm that lulls to ſleep;
'A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
'But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
'The modern fair one's jeſt,
'On earth unſeen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's neſt.

'For

'For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
'And ſpurn the ſex,' he ſaid:
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' ſhe cry'd,
'Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where heav'n and you reſide.

'But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
'Whom love has taught to ſtray;
'Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me.

'To

'To win me from his tender arms,
'Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
'Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
'No wealth nor power had he;
'Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
'But theſe were all to me.

'The bloſſom opening to the day,
'The dews of heav'n refin'd,
'Could nought of purity diſplay,
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
'With charms inconſtant ſhine;
'Their charms were his, but woe to me,
'Their conſtancy was mine.

'For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain:
'And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till

'Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
'He left me to my pride;
'And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
'In ſecret where he died.

'But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
'And well my life ſhall pay,
'I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
'And ſtretch me where he lay.——

'And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
'I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
'And ſo for him will I.'

'Forbid it, heav'n!' the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
'My charmer turn to ſee,
'Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
'Reſtor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And ev'ry care reſign:
'And ſhall we never, never part,
'My life,—my all that's mine.

'No, never from this hour to part,
'We'll live and love ſo true;
'The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
'Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

Colin and Lucy. TICKEL.

I.

OF Leinſter fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright LUCY was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect a fairer face.

II.

'Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damaſk cheek,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

III.

Ah! have you ſeen a lily pale
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd this ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life how near its end.

IV.

By LUCY warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring ſwains beware!

V. Three

V.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, ſhrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn-boding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke
The virgins weeping round.

VII.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"That cries I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
"That beckons me away.

VIII.

"Of a falſe ſwain, and broken heart,
"In early youth I die;
"Am I to blame, becauſe the bride
"Is twice as rich as I?

IX.

"Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone!
"Nor thou, raſh girl, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own!

X.

"To-morrow in the church, to wed,
"Impatient both prepare:
"But know, falſe man, and know, fond maid,
"Poor LUCY will be there.

XI.

" Then bear my corſe, ye comrades dear,
" The bridegroom blithe to meet;
" He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
" I in my winding-ſheet."

XII.

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts;
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The bride's-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compaſſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He groan'd, he ſhook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimſon fled;
When ſtretch'd beſide her rival's corſe
She ſaw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains;
In the ſame mould, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

XVII. Oft

XVII.

Oft at this place the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true love-knots,
They deck the ſacred green.

XVIII.

But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear!
Remember COLIN'S dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Col. Charles Roſs, *in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May,* 1745. COLLINS.

I.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
BRITANNIA'S genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While, ſtain'd with blood, he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May;

II.

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

III.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where-e'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With ev'ry ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And peace protect the ſhade.

IV.

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve
And bend the penſive head!
And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

V.

The warlike dead of ev'ry age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt:
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt!

VI.

Old EDWARD's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

VII.

If weak to ſooth ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy conſtant tear;
If yet in ſorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſeeſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near:

VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill with ſocial grief
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble HARTING's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad-repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

The Mouſe's Petition. Found in the Trap where he had been confined all Night.

BARBAULD.

Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.
VIRGIL.

OH! hear a penſive priſoner's prayer,
For liberty that ſighs:
And never let thine heart be ſhut
Againſt the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and ſad I ſit,
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born mouſe detain.

Oh ! do not ſtain with guiltleſs blood
Thy hoſpitable hearth ;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt,
My frugal meals ſupply ;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely given ;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philoſophic mind
To all compaſſion gives ;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as antient ſages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still ſhifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the ſame,

Beware, leſt in the worm you cruſh
A brother's ſoul you find;
And tremble leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this tranſient gleam of day,
Be *all* of life we ſhare,
Let pity plead within thy breaſt
That little *all* to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt eaſe
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when deſtruction lurks unſeen,
Which men like mice may ſhare,
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

The parting of Hector *and* Andromache.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Through ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan Gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion ſway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended ſhade)
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream;
Aſtyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior ſmil'd, and pleas'd reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince; ah whither doſt thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!

And

And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of Heav'n, an early tomb!

So ſhall my days in one ſad tenor run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my grief to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waſte, and ſlew my warlike ſire!
His fate compaſſion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain, where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.

By the ſame arm my ſeven brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The Queen of Hippoplacia's ſilvan lands:

Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r, defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The Chief reply'd: That poſt ſhall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:

Let

Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I be cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.

Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.

With

With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou! whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, this chief tranſcends his father's fame;
While pleas'd amidſt the gen'ral ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.

He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubl'd pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingl'd with a ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd.

Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
With what untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.

Fix'd

Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth:
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger as the firſt in fame.

Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes,
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look: then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the Univerſity. MASON.

E'ER yet, ingenuous youth, thy ſteps retire
From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
And met thee muſing in her cloyſters pale;
O! let

O! let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name)
Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendſhip pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all thoſe virtues, opening now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
Muſt learn each paſſion's boiſt'rous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition peſtilent and pale,
Or Luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-intereſt, with her chilling gale,
Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms e'er they blow;
If mimic hues, by Art, or Faſhion ſpread,
Their genuine, ſimple colouring ſhould ſupply;
O! with them may theſe laureat honours fade;
And with them (if it can) my friendſhip die.
——And do not blame, if, tho' thyſelf inſpire,
Cautious I ſtrike the panegyric ſtring;
The muſe full oft purſues a meteor fire,
And vainly ventrous, ſoars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at Friendſhip's voice,
The poet's boſom pours the fervent ſtrain,
Till ſad reflection blames the haſty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.
Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breaſt
Condemn me, if I check the plauſive ſtring;
Go to the wayward world; compleat the reſt;
Be, what the pureſt muſe would wiſh to ſing.

Be

Be ſtill thyſelf; that open path of truth,
  Which led thee here, let manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of youth,
  And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of art;
  On vice's front let fearful caution lour,
And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
  Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.
So, round thy brow when age's honours ſpread
  When Death's cold hand unſtrings thy MASON'S lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
  Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:
He, to the ampleſt bounds of Time's domain,
  On Rapture's plume ſhall give thy name to fly;
For truſt, with rev'rence truſt this Sabine ſtrain:
  "The Muſe forbids the virtuous man to die."

The World compared to a Stage.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALL the world's a ſtage,
  And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and pewking in the nurſe's arms:

And

And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eyebrow. Then, a ſoldier:
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous of honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on's noſe, and pouch on's ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Muſic. SHAKESPEARE.

JESS. I'M never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.
LOR. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

The Power of Imagination. SHAKESPEARE.

THE lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,

And,

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

The Vanity of Human Nature.

SHAKESPEARE.

——THESE our actors
(As I foretold you) were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve:
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Concealed Love. SHAKESPEARE.

——SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek; ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

Real

Real Grief. SHAKESPEARE.

SEEMS, Madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems;
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to Travel. SHAKESPEARE.

—GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take

Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all, to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death. SHAKESPEARE.

TO be, or not to be? that is the queſtion;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them? To die,—to ſleep,—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die,—to ſleep;—
To ſleep? perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe;—there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The

The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And loſe the name of action.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.

ADDISON.

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well——
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!

Eternity! thou pleaſing dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs?
The wide, the unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or where!—this world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this muſt end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his Sword.*]
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.

A Contemplation on Night. GAY.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe all-powerful Providence.

When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt;
No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill ev'n now while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver Moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes,
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether thoſe ſtars that twinkling luſtre ſend
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are:
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful *Word* ſhall hear.

When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends,
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plow correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.

When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall night's alternate reign be known:
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever ſhine the ſame.

A Thought on Eternity. GAY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,

Thou

Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;
For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills incompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd herſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves diſarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous ſoul purſues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wiſhes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundleſs theme extends our thought,
Ten thouſand thouſand rolling years are nought.

Alexander's Feaſt: or, The Power of Muſic; an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. DRYDEN.

I.

'TWAS at the Royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won
By *Philip*'s warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely *Thais*, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming *Eaſtern* bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the Fair.

II. *Timotheus,*

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he fought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,

Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of *Bacchus*, then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young:
The jolly God in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' *bleſſings are a treaſure;*
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV. Sooth'd

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful Muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung *Darius* great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in *Lydian* meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the Gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHO-

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain,
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries;
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are *Grecian* ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let

Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus *yield the prize,*
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

Ode for Muſic on St. Cecilia's day. POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till by degrees remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſt with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,

While

While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his fev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!

The furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
O take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!

How

How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with the furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſarts he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.

This

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lifts the ſoul to heav'n.

The Character of a Good Parſon, imitated from Chaucer. DRYDEN.

A Pariſh-Prieſt was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itſelf was in his face.
Rich was his ſoul, tho' his attire was poor;
(As God hath cloth'd his own ambaſſador;)
For ſuch on earth his bleſs'd Redeemer bore.
Of ſixty years he ſeem'd; and well might laſt
To ſixty more, but that he liv'd too faſt;
Refin'd himſelf to ſoul, to curb the ſenſe;
And made almoſt a ſin of abſtinence.
Yet had his aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a face as promis'd him ſincere.

Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet regards, and pleaſing ſanctity;
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harſh, the precept yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain on high,
He drew his audience upward to the ſky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears;
(A muſick more melodious than the ſpheres.)
For *David* left him, when he went to reſt,
His lyre; and after him, he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great commiſſion in his look;
But ſweetly temper'd awe; and ſoften'd all he ſpoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell;
And warn'd the ſinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the goſpel rather than the law;
And forc'd himſelf to drive, but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the ſoul ſublime, to ſeek her native ſeat.
To threats the ſtubborn ſinner oft is hard,
Wrapt in his crimes againſt the ſtorm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts and throws his cumb'rous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heav'n's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his ſtyle and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds; and God is there.

The tithes, his pariſh freely paid, he took;
But never ſu'd, or curs'd with bell and book.

With

With patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
Since every man is free to loſe his own.
The country-churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind)
The leſs he ſought his off'rings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a prieſt, contented to be poor.

Yet of his little, he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſh'd, and to clothe the bare.
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himſelf he wou'd not ſee.
True prieſts, he ſaid, and preachers of the word,
Were only ſtewards of their ſov'reign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public ſtore:
Intruſted riches, to relieve the poor;
Who, ſhould they ſteal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himſelf accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his pariſh, not contracted cloſe
In ſtreets, but here and there a ſtraggling houſe;
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt,
To ſerve the ſick, to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor ſpar'd his pains, for curate he had none.
Nor durſt he truſt another with his care;
Nor rode himſelf to *Paul*'s the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where biſhopricks and *fine cures* are ſold.

But

But duly watch'd his flock by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
And hungry ſent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd:
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living ſermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules ſevere his life he ſquar'd,
That all might ſee the doctrine which they heard.
For prieſts, he ſaid, are patterns for the reſt:
(The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impreſs'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The ſov'reign image is no longer ſeen.
If they be foul, on whom the people truſt,
Well may the baſer braſs contract a ruſt.

The prelate, for his holy life, he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy deſpis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy ſhow;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
Theſe marks of church and churchmen he deſign'd
And living taught; and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn;
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree
Are not his ſons, but thoſe of *Zebedee*.
Not, but he knew the ſigns of earthly pow'r
Might well become Saint *Peter*'s ſucceſſor:
The Holy Father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp; the fiſher muſt be plain.

Such

Such was the ſaint; who ſhone with every grace,
Reflecting, *Moſes*-like, his Maker's face.
God ſaw his image lively was expreſs'd;
And his own work, as in creation, bleſs'd.
The tempter ſaw him too, with envious eye;
And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd,
And high and low with happy *Harry* clos'd.
This prince, tho' great in arms, the prieſt withſtood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had *Richard* unconſtrain'd reſign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title ſtood entail'd, had *Richard* had a ſon.
Conqueſt, an odious name, was laid aſide,
Where all ſubmitted, none the battle try'd.
The ſenſeleſs plea of right by providence
Was, by a flatt'ring prieſt, invented ſince:
And laſts no longer than the preſent ſway:
But juſtifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let thoſe who dare
Diſpute their pow'r, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, becauſe he knew
Worſe might, and often did from change enſue.
Much to himſelf he thought; but little ſpoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forſook.
Now, thro' the land, his cure of ſouls he ſtretch'd:
And like a primitive apoſtle preach'd.
Still chearful; ever conſtant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by moſt, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himſelf receiv'd.

Gave,

Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Becauſe he ſhew'd, by proof, 'twas eaſy to be poor.
He went not, with a crowd, to ſee a ſhrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To ſhew you what the reſt in orders were:
This brilliant is ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo bright,
He needs no foil, but ſhines by his own proper light.

On Sheep-ſhearing—Song on that Occaſion, &c.

DYER.

NOW, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium *, where by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil, and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flatt'ning the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flow'rs; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,

* *The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield in Yorkſhire, where the Shepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.*

And

And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten thro' the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the ſunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the low'ring clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heav'n: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,

And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At ſhearing-time along the lively vales,
Rural feſtivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And luſty merriment: while on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mixt
With ev'ry murmur of the ſliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir;
Muſick of paradiſe! which ſtill is heard,
When the heart liſtens; ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when content
To nature's flow'ry ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſp'rate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they ſee the leſs'ning ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewel to the ſinking hills.
Could I recall thoſe notes, which once the Muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-top'd Wreakin*. Yet the carols ſweet,

* *Wreakin, a high hill in Shropſhire.*

Through

Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable ſwain,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flow'ry vale.
" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſhelt'ring arms,
" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."

" Yes, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the chearful day,"
COLIN reply'd, " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!

" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring: This is DAMON's wiſh.

" Huge

" Huge Breaden's * ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kidling: DAMON, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
" Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and
torrent floods;
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpect theſe,
" Than gardens black with ſmoak in duſty towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun;
" Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in
" vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs ſilly ſhepherds we,
" We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the ſleeky fleece."

" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
DAMON reply'd, " while the SUPREME accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are:
" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtiles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" SABRINA, guardian of the cryſtal flood,

* *Breaden, a hill on the Borders of Montgomeryſhire.*

" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear
" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds:
" Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
" Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga*, profuſe of graces, Ryddol* rough,
" Blithe Yſtwith*, and Clevedoc* ſwift of foot;
" And mingles various ſeeds of flow'rs, and herbs,
" In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
" Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain
" roll.
" Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's pois'nous leaf."

He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither ev'ry ſwain;
And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.

Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn†,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank

* *Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.*

† *Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.*

Is gayly circled; and the jolly chear
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcit cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten; and to view the joyous ſcene.

Recommendation of Mercifulneſs to Animals.

DYER.

THRO' all the brute creation, none, as ſheep,
To lordly man ſuch ample tribute pay.
For Him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams;
For Him their downy veſtures they reſign;
For Him they ſpread the feaſt: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,

Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live;
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:
And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile ev'ry cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle ſwains,
Like BRAMA's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain,
Ye are the ſons of nature; your mild bands
Are innocent: ye, when ye ſhear, relieve.

Few Dyes the natural Product of England—— the Advantages and Neceſſity of Trade, &c.

DYER.

OUR vallies yield not, or but ſparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked anceſtors obſcur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with myſtic forms,
Like Egypt's obeliſks. The pow'rful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Nor tints alone,
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;

Gives,

Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
HIM, the all-wiſe CREATOR, and declares
His preſence, pow'r, and goodneſs unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure Trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies: paſſions ſwift
Fore-running reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents,
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad,
O'er realms and ſeas. There, in the ſolemn ſcene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt ſenſe of Deity receive,
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with Trade thro' various climes;
Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſs the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice: who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Ætna's loud thunders and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage; deſart ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately tow'rs; whoſe merchants from their iſles,
And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;

Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint,
And flow'ring ſhuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her ſtreets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the duſt they ſunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep:
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſite; a monument to thoſe
Who toil and wealth exchange for ſloth and pride.

Recommendation of Labour. DYER.

——EV'N nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labour. This, of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd

Their

Their chieftains from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the fleece,
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material: with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſſening thread:
Even, unknotted twine will praiſe your ſkill.

Country-Workhouſes propoſed—a Deſcription of one—good Effects of Induſtry exemplified, &c.

DYER.

O WHEN, thro' ev'ry province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labour, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due,
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real wants oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Thro' ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigour ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion*: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;

* *Erect the manſion—This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, &c.*

No

No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure bev'rage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your MAKER praiſe.
Behold, in Calder's † vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
ELIZA'S image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murm'ring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurpriſe. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some-deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer flake;
Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands

† *Calder, a river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.*

Ply at the eaſy work of winding yarn
On ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks:
Such joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
Another ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
Raſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
And what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
And the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are ſhown
A circular machine *, of new deſign,
In conic ſhape: It draws and ſpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
A wheel inviſible, beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame,
Gives neceſſary motion. One, intent
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
Is ſmoothly lapp'd around thoſe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
Still more to view the gifts which honeſt toil
Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. While around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,

* *A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be made to ſpin fine carded wool.*

Of

Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work:
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the road;
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives from the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; th' echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
Firſt view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increaſing walls of buſy Mancheſter,

Sheffield, and Birmingham, whoſe redd'ning fields
Riſe and enlarge their ſuburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whiſp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the ſight extend.
Straight, ere the ſounding bell the ſignal ſtrikes,
Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
With ſpeedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, ſuperior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Reflections on the Slave-Trade. DYER.

ON Guinea's ſultry ſtrand, the drap'ry light
Of Mancheſter or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums, and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barb'rous coaſt, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves;
Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange!
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield
The ſugar-cane, and the Tobacco-leaf,
And various new productions, which invite
Increaſing natives to their crowded wharfs.

But let the Man, whoſe rough tempeſtuous hours
In this advent'rous traffick are involv'd,
With juſt humanity of heart purſue

The

The gainful commerce: wickedneſs is blind:
Their ſable chieftains may in future times
Burſt their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And av'rice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Grongar Hill. DYER.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale:
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy ſiſter Muſe
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly-muſing quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the even ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,

Sate

Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
And ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wider and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.

Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!

Ruſhing

Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
  Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependance find.
  'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds;
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds,

While,

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate;
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And ſee the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep.
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy ſummit wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;

The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.

O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes idly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And Miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;

While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſick fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain you ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves at Grongar Hill.

Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon. 1747. AKENSIDE.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of ev'ry clime,
Thro' all the ſpacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muſe her pow'r diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd.

For,

For, taught of heaven, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, HASTINGS. Thou my words wilt own:
Thy breaſt the gift of ev'ry Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the fair function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to aſſert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung,
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower,
Nor ſhall the baſer notes to Celtic kings
By lying minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly muſe's reign.
A different ſtrain,

And

And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well can'ſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How beſt for freedom be reſign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the * Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's ſoul:
When, every hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings;
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands
The genius of his country ſtands.

To

* *Homer.*

To liſtening gods he makes him known
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame:
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd;
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age!
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the gen'rous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine;
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell,
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own and all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1. Are

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great?
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name:
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.

* *Octavius Cæſar.*

O fool!

O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey;
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That He, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,
Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know
By nature planted, or by fortune taught;
That He, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That He their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame?

IV. 2.

But here where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;

Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the heroe's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to all
Can ruling heav'n the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, tho' ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,
Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own EDWARD teach his race,
Tho Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1. From

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd;
While private ſtrife their banners rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd throne
No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the people reigns:
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and as he judgeth wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heav'n's command,
That guilty aims ſhould ſordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould curb the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.

But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offſpring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs: there, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which embowers his gate,
And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Candiſh, Booth, and Oſborne ſate;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her awful reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name,
Could fear have ſilenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2. Say,

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood embrued?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to chear.

VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love!
The true; the conſtant; who alone can weigh
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls, and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal GOD alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime reward,
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard

Diſpoſe of honour and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave;
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College.

GRAY.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful ſcience ſtill adores
Her HENRY's holy ſhade;
And ye that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver winding way.
Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say,

Say, father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on the margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſs'd;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſun-ſhine of the breaſt:
Their's buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee how all around 'em wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band,
Ah, ſhew them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful anger, pallid fear,
And ſhame that ſculks behind;
Or pining love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim viſag'd comfortleſs deſpair,
And ſorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter ſcorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning infamy;
The ſtings of falſhood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody madneſs laughing wild
Amidſt ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grieſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming age.
To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

Hymn to Adverſity. GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,

And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou badſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at other woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noiſe, and thoughtleſs joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flatt'ring foe:
By vain proſperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh!

Oh! gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell diſeaſe, and ghaſtly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

GRAY.

I.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the Tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

III.

Still had ſhe gaz'd: but 'midſt the tide
Two beauteous forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream;
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

V.

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulf between;
(Malignant Fate ſate by and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

VI. Eight

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watry god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtir'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

VII.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that gliſters, gold.

A Pipe of Tobacco: In Imitation of ſix ſeveral Authors.

IMITATION I.

A New-Year's Ode.

RECITATIVO.

OLD battle-array, big with horror is fled,
And olive rob'd peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muſes, TOBACCO, the bleſſing of peace;
Was ever a nation ſo bleſſed as this?

AIR.

When ſummer ſuns grow red with heat,
TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry ſtorms around us beat,
TOBACCO chears with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful ſpring,
In thy praiſes jointly ſing.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy ſweets;
Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleaſure which a pipe beſtows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boaſt,
While waſtes of war deform the teeming coaſt;
BRITANNIA, diſtant from each hoſtile ſound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with eaſe and freedom crown'd;
E'en reſtleſs faction finds itſelf moſt free,
Or if a ſlave, a ſlave to liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the ſun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

BRITISH

BRITISH ſons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimſon combat think,
But ſecurely ſmoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the ſun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

IMITATION II.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm deſire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire:
And thy ſnowy taper waiſt,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty ſwelling creſt,
With my little ſtopper preſt,
And the ſweeteſt bliſs of bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy kiſſes.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy men;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant INDIAN weed:

Pleaſure

Pleaſure for a noſe divine,
Incenſe of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy men.

IMITATION III.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Heſperian ſuns,
TOBACCO, fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very ſoul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; abſorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns:
Flaſh on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the myſterious lip that chaunts thy praiſe,
In ſtrains to mortal ſons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plaſtic virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I graſp, I fill.
From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent pow'rs perfum'd
Itſelf one tortoiſe all, where ſhines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal enkindling ſheet,
Mark'd with Gibſonian lore; forth iſſue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirſt-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while
Lolling at eaſe, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,
In genial ſtrife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muſe's bowl.
Oh be thou ſtill my great inſpirer, thou
My Muſe; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,

While

While I, in clouded tabernacle ſhrin'd,
Burſt forth all oracle and myſtick ſong.

IMITATION IV.

CRITICKS avaunt! TOBACCO is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blaſting ſteam.
And you, court-inſects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the ſcorching ſphere.
POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verſe inſpire,
So ſhall the Muſe from ſmoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling ſting of ſnuff;
Yet all their claim to wiſdom is—a puff:
Lord FOPLIN ſmokes not—for his teeth afraid;
Sir TAWDRY ſmokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to ſwoon;
They love no ſmoke, except the ſmoke of town:
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but ſhew their ignorance; can he
Who ſcorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—ſpit.
CITTONIA vows it has an odious ſtink;
She will not ſmoke (ye gods!)—but ſhe will drink:
And chaſte PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who ſtill its worth proclaim,
While ſome for pleaſure ſmoke, and ſome for fame:
Fame, of our actions univerſal ſpring,
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke—ev'ry thing.

IMITA-

IMITATION V.

BLEST leaf! whoſe aromatick gales diſpenſe
To templars modeſty, to parſons ſenſe:
So raptur'd prieſts, at fam'd DODONA's ſhrine,
Drank inſpiration from the ſteam divine.
Poiſon that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more ſolid than the ſmile of lords:
Reſt to the weary, to the hungry food,
The laſt kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.
Inſpir'd by thee, dull cits adjuſt the ſcale
Of Europe's peace, when other ſtateſmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy ſiſter, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor leſs the critick owns thy genial aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the piddling trade.
What tho' to love and ſoft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau;
Yet ſocial freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taſte thee unexcis'd by kings.

IMITATION VI.

BOY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's beſt,
And bid the vicar be my gueſt:
Let all be plac'd in manner due,
A pot wherein to ſpit or ſpue,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
Of uſe to light a pipe, or * *

* *

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

This village, unmoleſted yet
By troopers, ſhall be my retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for *.
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whoſe vapour bland
In ſweet oblivion lulls the land;
Of all which at Vienna paſſes,
As ignorant as * * Braſs is:
And ſcorning raſcals to careſs,
Extol the days of good Queen BESS,
When firſt TOBACCO bleſt our iſle,
Then think of other Queens—and ſmile.
Come jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and ſong;
The merry catch, the madrigal,
That echoes ſweet in City Hall;
The parſon's pun, the ſmutty tale
Of country juſtice o'er his ale.
I aſk not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compaſs Britain's ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

The Enthuſiaſt; or the Lover of Nature.

J. WARTON.

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft at duſky eve
By wondering ſhepherds ſeen, to foreſt brown,
To unfrequented meads, and pathleſs wilds,
Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimick gods,
Parterres embroider'd, obeliſks, and urns
Of high relief; can the long, ſpreading lake,
Or viſta leſſening to the ſight; can Stow
With all her Attick fanes, ſuch raptures raiſe,
As the thruſh-haunted copſe, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the ruſtling leaves along,
And the briſk ſquirrel ſports from bough to bough,
While from an hollow oak, whoſe naked roots
O'erhang a penſive rill, the buſy bees
Hum drowſy lullabies? The bards of old,
Fair Nature's friends, ſought ſuch retreats, to charm
Sweet Echo with their ſongs; oft' too they met
In ſummer evenings, near ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Or mountain-nymph, or muſe, and eager learn'd
The moral ſtrains ſhe taught to mend mankind.
As to a ſecret grot Ægeria ſtole
With patriot Numa, and in ſilent night
Whiſper'd him ſacred laws, he liſt'ning ſat
Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber lean'd
Attentive on his urn, and huſh'd his waves.

Rich

Rich in her weeping country's ſpoils Verſailles
May boaſt a thouſand fountains, that can caſt
The tortur'd waters to the diſtant heav'ns;
Yet let me chooſe ſome pine-top'd precipice
Abrupt and ſhaggy, whence a foamy ſtream,
Like Anio, tumbling roars; or ſome bleak heath,
Where ſtraggling ſtands the mournful juniper,
Or yew-tree ſcath'd; while in clear proſpect round,
From the grove's boſom ſpires emerge, and ſmoke
In bluiſh wreaths aſcends, ripe harveſts wave,
Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
Of Gothick battlements appear, and ſtreams
Beneath the ſun-beams twinkle—The ſhrill lark,
That wakes the wood-man to his early taſk,
Or love-ſick Philomel, whoſe luſcious lays
Sooth lone night wanderers, the moaning dove
Pitied by liſtening milk-maid, far excel
The deep-mouth viol, the ſoul-lulling lute,
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful ſounds!
That pleaſe not like the choriſters of air,
When firſt they hail th' approach of laughing May.
Can Kent deſign like Nature? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleaſure pours thro' * Lincoln's meads;
Can the great artiſt, tho' with taſte ſupreme
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly ſcorns
Formality and method, round and ſquare
Diſdaining, plains irregularly great.

* *The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey, one of the fineſt ſpots in Europe.*

Creative

Creative Titian, can thy vivid ſtrokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thouſand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd roſe,
And golden crocus?—Yet with theſe the maid,
Phillis or Phœbe at a feaſt or wake,
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer ſhe,
In innocence and home-ſpun veſtments dreſs'd,
Than if cœrulean ſaphires at her ears
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-croſs
Heav'd gently on her panting boſom white.
Yon' ſhepherd idly ſtretch'd on the rude rock,
Liſtening to daſhing waves, and ſea-mews clang
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliſs than the proud admiral,
Amid his veſſels bright with burniſh'd gold
And ſilken ſtreamers, tho' his lordly nod
Ten thouſand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas * gaz'd with more delight
On the rough mountain ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Deſcending ſhook his direful Ægis black)
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhauſted to enrich its ſtately head.
More pleas'd he ſlept in poor Evander's cott
On ſhaggy ſkins, lull'd by ſweet nightingales,

* *Æneid* VIII.

Than

Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal gueſt, and bade his minſtrels ſound
Soft ſlumb'rous Lydian airs, to ſooth his reſt.
* Happy the firſt of men, ere yet confin'd
To ſmoaky cities; who in ſheltering groves,
Warm caves, and deep-ſunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
By cares unwounded; what the ſun and ſhowers,
And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
Or bluſhing berry; by the liquid lapſe
Of murm'ring waters call'd to ſlake their thirſt,
Or with fair nymphs their ſun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly claſp their fav'rite youths,
Unaw'd by ſhame beneath the beechen ſhade,
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyneſs knew.
Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor huſband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhorr'd magician, and his coſtly cup
Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the ſouls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.
In earth's firſt infancy (as ſung the † bard,
Who ſtrongly painted what he boldly thought)
Tho' the fierce north oft ſmote with iron whip

* *See Lucretius, lib.* v.
† *Lucretius.*

Their

Their ſhiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the briſtly boar
Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
And ſcar'd them from their moſs-grown caves to rove
Houſeleſs and cold in dark tempeſtuous nights;
Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
Swept off at once, nor had the raging ſeas
O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and ſhrieking crew;
In vain the glaſſy ocean ſmil'd to tempt
The jolly ſailor unſuſpecting harm,
For commerce ne'er had ſpread her ſwelling ſails,
Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
The daſhing oar: then famine, want, and pine,
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us
Diſeaſeful dainties, riot and exceſs,
And feveriſh luxury deſtroy. In brakes
Or marſhes wild unknowingly they crop'd
Herbs of malignant juice, to realms remote
While we for powerful poiſons madly roam,
From ev'ry noxious herb collecting death.
What tho' unknown to thoſe primæval fires
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
By fair Italia's ſkilful hand, unknown
The ſhapely column, and the crumbling buſts
Of awful anceſtors in long deſcent?
Yet why ſhould man miſtaken deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's foreſts, architect ſupreme!
Say, is the Perſian carpet, than the field's
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or ſofter to the votaries of eaſe

Than

Than bladed graſs, perfum'd with dew-drop'd
flow'rs?
O taſte corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In ſpecious names of poliſh'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly baniſh nature's ſimple charms!
All-beauteous nature! by thy boundleſs charms
Oppreſs'd, O where ſhall I begin thy praiſe,
Where turn th' ecſtatic eye, how eaſe my breaſt
That pants with wild aſtoniſhment and love!
Dark foreſts, and the op'ning lawn, refreſh'd
With ever-guſhing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay colour'd cloſe,
So ſweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the diſtant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now ſwelling with the breeze,
The ſound of paſtoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing ſteed, that ſnuffs
His dappled mate, ſtung with intenſe deſire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves bluſh, the azure ſkies,
The chearful ſun that thro' earth's vitals pours
Delight and health and heat; all, all conſpire,
To raiſe, to ſooth, to harmonize the mind,
To lift on wings of praiſe, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whoſe nod
Creation ſtarted from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the grieſly king
Murmur'd to feel his boiſterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addiſon,
Coldly correct, to Shakeſpear's warbling wild?

Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair fancy found, and bore the ſmiling babe
To a cloſe cavern: (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhew
The ſacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whiſp'ring of ſweet muſic thro' the air)
Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with ſongs
Oft ſooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds.
Oft near ſome crowded city would I walk,
Liſtening the far-off noiſes, rattling cars,
Loud ſhouts of joy, ſad ſhrieks of ſorrow, knells
Full ſlowly tolling, inſtruments of trade,
Striking mine ears with one deep-ſwelling hum.
Or wand'ring near the ſea, attend the ſounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
Ev'n when wild tempeſts ſwallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blaſts, big hail, and rains combine
To ſhake the groves and mountains, would I ſit,
Penſively muſing on the outrageous crimes
That wake heav'n's vengeance: at ſuch ſolemn hours,
Dæmons and goblins thro' the dark air ſhriek,
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd ſiſters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and ſcatters woes and death.
Then too, they ſay, in drear Ægyptian wilds
The lion and the tyger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! the liſt'ning traveller
Starts fear-ſtruck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increaſe the deathful ſounds.

But

But let me never fail in cloudleſs nights,
When ſilent Cynthia in her ſilver car
Thro' the blue concave ſlides, when ſhine the hills,
Twinkle the ſtreams, and woods look tipt with gold,
To ſeek ſome level mead, and there invoke
Old midnight's ſiſter Contemplation ſage,
(Queen of the rugged brow, and ſtern-fix'd eye)
To lift my ſoul above this little earth,
This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
That I may hear the rolling planet's ſong,
And tuneful turning ſpheres: if this be barr'd,
The little Fayes that dance in neighbouring dales,
Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
Shall charm me with aërial notes.——As thus
I wander muſing, lo, what awful forms
Yonder appear! ſharp-ey'd Philoſophy
Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wriſt,
Firſt meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
Serene, who bluſhes at each gazer's ſight;
Then Wiſdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
Trembling and bent with age; laſt Virtue's ſelf
Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her ſide,
A naked boy!—Haraſs'd with fear I ſtop,
I gaze, when Virtue thus—'Whoe'er thou art,
'Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
'In theſe my midnight walks; depart, and ſay
'That henceforth I and my immortal train
'Forſake Britannia's iſle; who fondly ſtoops

'To vice, her favourite paramour.'—She ſpoke,
And as ſhe turn'd, her round and roſy neck,
Her flowing train, and long ambroſial hair,
Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.
O who will bear me then to weſtern climes,
(Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
Yet unpolluted with Iberian ſwords:
The iſles of innocence, from mortal view
Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's ſhade,
Where Happineſs and Quiet ſit enthron'd,
With ſimple Indian ſwains, that I may hunt
The boar and tiger thro' Savannahs wild,
Thro' fragrant deſerts, and thro' citron groves.
There fed on dates and herbs, would I deſpiſe
The far-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards
Of narrow-hearted Avarice; nor heed
The diſtant din of the tumultuous world.
So when rude whirlwinds rouze the roaring main,
Beneath fair Thetis ſits, in coral caves,
Serenely gay, nor ſinking ſailors' cries
Diſturb her ſportive nymphs, who round her form
The light fantaſtick dance, or for her hair
Weave roſy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the ſoft warbles of her honied voice.

An Ode to Fancy. J. WHARTON.

O Parent of each lovely Muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe,
O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine,
No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare,
Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy ſnowy hand,
An all commanding magick wand,
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens blow
'Mid chearleſs Lapland's barren ſnow,
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea.
While the vaſt various landſkape lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Midſt falls of water you reſide,

'Midſt broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between,
'Midſt foreſts dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one ſtraw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
Where NATURE ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtick on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor,
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt:
Then lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Rapt in ſome wild, poetic dream,
In converſe while methinks I rove
With SPENCER thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awak'd, I hear,
Strange whiſper'd muſick in my ear,
And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE reſort,
And VENUS keeps her feſtive court,
Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,

Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where LAUGHTER roſe-lip'd HEBE leads;
Where ECHO walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong:
Yet not theſe flowery fields of joy
Can long my penſive mind employ,
Haſte, FANCY, from the ſcenes of folly
To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh!
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels and the houſe of woe,
To Gothick churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek;
Or to ſome Abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhivering lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,
And trembles leſt the tottering wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thouſand widows' ſhrieks I hear,
Give me another horſe, I cry,
Lo! the baſe GALLIC ſquadrons fly;

Whence is this rage——what ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where Tumult and Deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield!

O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-arch walks and alleys green,
Which lovely LURA ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun;
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou can'ſt place me near my love,
Can'ſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs,
While her ruby lips diſpenſe
Luſcious nectar's quinteſſence!
When young-ey'd SPRING profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe,
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold,

At

At every ſeaſon let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, FANCY; hear.
O warm, enthuſiaſtick maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to every line,
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd ſtrain,
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save when with ſmiles thou bid'ſt me ſing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,
Who fill'd with unexhauſted fire,
May boldly ſmite the ſounding lyre,
May riſe above the rhyming throng,
Who with ſome new, unequall'd ſong
O'er all our liſt'ning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain;
With terror ſhake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to ſcorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce;

With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold criticks' ſtudied laws:
O let each Muſe's fame increaſe,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King George I. ADDISON.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurpriſe
We ſee *Britannia*'s Monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade:
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, and every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And *Albion*'s happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,

Whilſt

Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal placed,
With its bright rounds of titles graced,
And ſtampt on *Britiſh* coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial ſun
Has daily, ſince his courſe begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.
Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His brother with dejected air;
Triumphant *Naſſau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
There *Anna*, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was diſgrac'd:
O may fam'd *Brunſwick* be the laſt,
(Tho' heaven ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)

The laſt, the happieſt *Britiſh* king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!
Wiſe *Phidias*, thus his ſkill to prove,
Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,
And taught the poliſh'd rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine;
'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.

Great *Pan*, who wont to chaſe the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old *Saturn* too with up-caſt eyes,
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn.
The laſt was he, whoſe thunder flew
The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,

That,

That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *George*, or carv'd a *Jove?*

Character of Atticus. POPE.

——BUT were there one whoſe fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe!
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend:
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little ſenate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and templars every ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe——
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!

An Addreſs to the Deity. YOUNG.

O THOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow;
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day;
And triumph in exiſtence; and couldſt know
No motive but my bliſs. And haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing; with the *Patriarch*'s joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I truſt in Thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs!
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

Another Addreſs to the Deity. THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

A HYMN. THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, theſe,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderneſs and love.
Wide fluſh the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſp'ring gales.
THY bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and ſtorms
Around THEE thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;

And

And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with rude unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe SPIRIT in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of HIM in ſolitary glooms!
Where o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
So roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to HIM;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam HIS praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night HIS praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,

Crown

Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where HE vital ſpreads there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go,
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not ſmiles around,

Suſtaining

Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming Evil* ſtill educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion.———But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe his praiſe.

Meſſiah, a Sacred Eclogue. POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' ethereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.

Swift

Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,

Explores

Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriours meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurprize
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palm ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſom weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet,

The

The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountain glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THE END.

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